= TWO DOZEN

Mouse Eggs

(still) 40 ¢

to 20¢ brainwarp

Second Gathering

February March 1980 Issue

PSCGAHT

Special Theme: "all the Mouse that's on the East Coast"

Issue . .

Cover Art:
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typos © The Poet

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SURROGATE

similar likeable breeze of milkweed tufts
and spiraea made you feel good
all the way there But a conviction was brewing
one that sometimes takes hold of the body
and curdles its pudding Mind is harder to defuse
and goes on dividing up the world
with its month The yacht club
was aglow with lights and music "members"
from all walks of life had come back
for the regatta so it surprised you
coming from the mouths of babes
reminder what you couldn't be young Lochinvar
fitting in well with the furniture
of suave stars black twinkling terrace
over the lake cock zeroing in on cunt
Sometimes the answer can't compare
with the fun of questions Buenos
Aires going down to where Spinoza doesn't count
getting looped so that a daughter was possible
who would laugh at your work
and say it wasn't the real thing life was

Michael Cameron

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FOOTNOTE[1]

[1]Simply living is what you end up with:
it's the ointment for a sore brain when it's
spread too thin across the politicians'
blueprint for Asgard you just want to stop
reading the yacking lakes and forests and
rest It's what the widows at the office
talk about once they know Mr. Right
isn't coming back it makes up for the unusual
life they'd planned, saying: "Come home,
all is forgiven" I won't tell you so
because you don't need to be told
the best imagined husband with 3-piece
suit and basso profundo and executive privilege
is a dream creature missing special parts it's
his nature and hers who dreams him Now go
back to Midgard and farm The small
shack in the greenwood is where
the prophecy got started and where it
finally collapsed again like a vivid steam
that once covered half the world it's June /
a kid walks by with NO FUN stencilled on
his T-shirt you wonder if he means it
and has been to the hermit to get slapped and
sent back to his job delivering beer
Either way (i.e. serious or ironic) the
message is clear stick with what
you know best Edward Young, unemployment, Rosi-
crucianism Don't try to read what isn't
there or find the bottom of Grendel's mere
That will only take you backstage
behind the cardboard Ionic facade a place
like a footnote where you definitely
don't want to get trapped for long

Michael Cameron

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It's a Bitch
for K.M.

Dog Rings sailors call them;
that angry glow about her.

And I am awake
sick with longing

Real time is about the restless
wailing at the moon;
the song of desire
that midnight jazz in eerie silent heat

And it's for us
who just by looking up
stare into her good eye,
and smell the storm
and see that it's like days gone bye
when our love xxxxxxxxx invented the world

ef
2/8/80

oh mama
does your womb remember me?

why only now
after so many lies can we embrace?

I was at the cemetary where it is always chilly
and saw the yearly gifts of pebbles on the headstones
that come like new teeth

I noted the dates
and calculated the chance the living take

oh mama
how long will I hold out?

A new year is coming
I can feel it in my bones

10/3/79
ef

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WE MARCH FOR LIFE

in the name of the Life Force
which knows no creed and under whose banner
all that moves has its being
we march, in the name of all that's holy
we march for Life
we are the petal soft hearts
in the city of stone fortresses
and stone hearts
we march for fiesta and redbuds
that tint the woods
with scarves of mauve
we march that the irises of our children
not melt under the terrible heat
we march that Pluto's dominion not engulf us
we march that the new-borns be whole and clean
we react against reactors invicible death,
reactors timebomb krypton
we react as creatures among the four-leggeds
and the leaf veins and the sunflowers
whose seeds help our bodies fight radiation
and the sea vegetables who restore us

we weep for (gray-haired & hairless cattle
we weep for still-born lambs
and bones all twisted, strange to butchers' eyes
we weep for tender thyroids of babes
for wombs and breasts of women
so attractive to unseen radiation

o Life Force,
can you not still
reverse this melt-down of sanity?

cel

4/28/80

today 5 comfrey plants
newly sprung forth
from rain wet green
5 comfrey plants told me
we're here, take of our healing leaves
our stiff cell wedges
we grow despite everything dark
we grow and share our life with you!

today another chick
wetly struggling out of shell
who hasnt heard of plutonium
or uranium or miscarriages
among dakota women
in the black hills

cel

april 30, 80

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MET-MUM-PYKOSIS

Night-light lady
furled eyes nodding
this morning you walk
on cracks in the pavement
wearing your shined witch coat
for catching cobwebs
your broomstick legs rooted
in Tender Tootsies
fringed chartreuse or purple paisley
masts from your shoulders
and sprung curls light up
electric blue.

10-watt lady, I cross to the other side
of the street.

(italics) My mother is a dancing lady
G-string and satin skin
dagger hidden in her hair
She is a lady of the light
drawing down sunbursts
returning them
in smooth skin dance. She leaps
in globes of brightness
and flowing silver
running from thighs and hips
is caught by sun discs
and lights the universe.

You are not she.

10-watt lady in witch's blue
your history is not convincing:
you sat in straightened laces
at the ball:
you were not sought.
Your lies are webs of night-spun witching.

Lady, you wander phantom streets
not finding the way
Throw away Old Dutch Cleanser
for Mr. Clean
Change your image
to stretch pant suits
to cover yogurt buttocks
Wear Maidenform bras and dotted blouses
try eau-de-cologne sachet

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I flee down alleys
hide between buildings
pressed tight together
When I am asked I deny you
                again
                and again
My veins will not be vessels
of witch-osmosis.
I seek blood change.

10-watt lady
may your palm
be crossed with hexes;
daggers pierce your effigy;
fires rage at your burning.

And I will tell my children:

"My mother was a dancing lady
with silver arms
and satin skin
golden light flowing
from thighs and hips
was caught by sun discs
that lighted up
the universe."

Keitha MacIntosh

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Stephen Morrissey

THE POET'S PROGRESS

we wrapped
ourselves in blankets
not to keep warm
for the temperature
had already reached 70° F
but for protection
from the others
they wouldn't know
we were under those
human shaped blankets
we lay there especially still
because of the fear
& then it was quiet
& we pulled the blankets
away how good
it was to breathe
the fresh air again
to smell the air now
that they were gone
& we were safe
with our secret
only we would ever know
who it was who had hidden
themselves that day
& for all days
after that for while
the blankets lay on the
grass we knew
that we would always be covered up
& we accepted that
fact but with bitterness
& began to make that bitterness something
special so that
we were actually
proud of our
being hidden &
this became the
key to our future

June 20/80.

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Stephen Morrissey

Poem for Isamu Noguchi
this garden
which is a home
to us --- we lay
our bones down & sleep
for a thousand years
& when we awake
we have become
the garden, have
slipped deeply into
the sediment of time
& emotions --- oh
to rise up now & yawn
to walk along the path
that was
but now isn't
& to feel under
my feet certain
stones --- for they
are the bones
of this garden
& in their mystery
is the contemplation
of all time

June 17/80.

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KEN NORRIS

HOW THESE THINGS DO US HARM

Perhaps we went wrong
when we caught an image of who we could be,
we stopped growing towards the light & started growing towards
that idea of self that seemed as if it were an end.
I observe the way acquaintances hold cigarettes
and see the studied pose, I see the poet
toss his head to the sky affecting great perception,
I look around me and see a mannered world
crippled in its attempt to perfect someone else's style
and then I head for the long dark night
and the well-lit mirrored room.

THE REVENGE OF THE PROLETARIAT

She said:

"You're nothing like the men
I used to go out with.
They were all
tall, dark & handsome
and drove sports cars."

Two months later
I told her to fuck off.

THE OLD FASHIONED MAN

The Old Fashioned Man
is still around;
he dresses sharply,
he looks well groomed,
he fucks young girls
then returns home to his family.
He compliments his wife,
he cares about his children.
He knows the liberation
has set him free as hunter.

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KEN NORRIS

I draw close & steal your voice,
or do I lose mine
in the confusion of attainment?
The air smells like grass
& silence has fallen
like a veil before the mystery
like a bomb after the war.

-

I cut my finger on the edge of a knife,
I told my friend just how I was feeling.
The air is heavy with the odor of flowers and grass,
mosquitoes have come to drink blood.
Under the sky I lie all through the morning
feeling ants climbing my arms
as if ascending the sacred mountain.

-

In blue ink I write down words
to tell of how I've loved you.
I'd rather be staining
the sheets with our love,
your bed or my bed,
it really wouldn't matter.

I felt like a fire
you'd been sent to extinguish,
I thought you'd put
my desire to death,
but I was wrong, still caught
in the throes of it.

I light the kerosene lamp
as the day ends,
night billows out the sails of the sky
and you stare back at me
with the eyes of the stars.

-

Great minds think alike
but nobody thinks like me.

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